

YE MERRY MEN OF THE MARSH

OR

HOW PUDDY'S TROUSERS WERE SHOT

A Thrilling Tale of the Duck Ponds of Independence.

Complete in this issue.

(Not Copyrighted.)

CHAPTER I.

GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Every thing was bright in the old country house of Jack Gunn at Independence. Jack was a gay old sport, who was never known to renege, and as a host he had the most atmospheric promoter beaten both ways from the ace. It was a merry gathering in the gun room of the Gunn home, for there were a number of ardent spirits from Tonopah, and some from Kentucky.

The fire gave out a ruddy glow, and as the smoke went up the chimney, the hunters could see a duck on every wreath. There would be great sport on the morrow, and everybody hoped that it would rain, so that the ducks would fly.

"There will be about a million ducks on the marsh tomorrow," said mine host Gunn.

Gunn was an appropriate host for a duck shooting club. "Think so?" queried Bill Douglass, rolling a cigarette.

"Sure," returned Tom Risch, helping himself.

"I wonder," put in Tommy Kendall, beating him to it.

"What time do the banks open in Tonopah, now?" asked Pop Baxter.

"Well, sir, I was on a duck hunt once," began Bob Stewart, the mayor of Sodaville.

"They tell me that Jack Salsberry has a hundred million tons of copper over in Ubehebe," put in Ross Condon.

"The best way to cook a duck," Colonel Sawyer was saying. Everybody was talking at once.

It was a merry party.

The flight of time was arrested by Chief of Police Malley, who suggested that the ducks began to fly early, and that the hour was already late.

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared Puddy, falling out of his chair.

CHAPTER II.

THE GAME IS ON.

"I pass," said Bob Stewart.

"Two bucks," came from Tom Kendall.

Did you say ducks?" asked Billy Douglass, who is hard of hearing, maybe.

"No, and I didn't say quail, either," retorted Tommy, who is extremely polite.

"I hoist that," said Cal Shaw, speaking for the first time.

"Let's all hoist one," suggested Host Gunn.

For the next minute the silence was only broken by the gurgle, gurgle of the wurgle urgle, as the morning dew trickled down the acesophagus of each delighted guest.

"Give me three cards," said Ed Malley.

"I pass," said Puddy Grimes.

"You passed long ago," said Tom Kendall.

"Well, it don't cost anything to pass again, does it?"

"You're a cheap guy," retorted Billy Douglass.

"Think so?" murmured Bob Stewart. "Did you ever get a bill from him?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed everybody, while Puddy blushed.

"Is there ones a good hand?" queried Ross Condon, who had never learned the game.

"Holy smoke!" roared everybody, throwing their hands into the deck, while Ross laid a ten spot on the table.

"Did you have three aces?" queried Tom Risch.

"No, I had two twos, but I just wanted to know in case I did hold them."

There was a shuffling of feet, and a moving back of chairs from the table, a few stifled yawns, and two loud guffaws, one from Dad Gunn and the other from Pop Baxter.

CHAPTER III.

AN ADVENTURE.

The stars were still in the heavens, and it was quite dark, as Puddy Grimes fell over his gun, in his effort to be out first with the duck hunters.

"Sh, sh, sh, sh," shushed Billy Douglass, stepping on Tommy Kendall's pet corn.

The howl that went up from Tom Kendall could have been heard all over the marsh. Then everybody hollered at him that he would scare the ducks, and from over the marshes came the weird, mournful cry:

"Quack, quack, quack!"

The hunters looked at one another in dismay; the ducks were on. Somebody must have told them.

There was one dog in the party. It was Rex, the Irish hunter that Tom Risch had imported from Ireland, they say, at the cost of a shipment of a carload of shipping ore from the Midway. Everybody claimed the dog, but, on the square, it belonged to Tom.

The road to the marsh was through a long, narrow lane. It reminded one of the merry old lanes of old England, Bob Stewart said, it was so long and narrow.

They had gone about half way through when they butted into a flock of Angora goats. Rex, the dog, shot forward, but he didn't know the goats. One old goat with whiskers like Jack Gunn used to wear, just looked at the dog, and Rex made a howl, and rushed back and got behind Tom Risch. The goat made a run, with lowered head, and Tom got up against the fence.

"Call the dog, someone," he yelled.

"No," shouted Tom Kendall; "he's your dog."

The old goat paused, and looked at Tom with a knowing look, as if he were picking out the easiest mark on his rotund person.

"I'll help you," cried Puddy Grimes, valiantly, and he whistled to the dog, thereby attracting the attention of the goat, and Risch climbed the fence.

The goat made a halfback rush at Puddy, and the dog made a snap at his tail. Puddy went up in the air, doubling himself up like a jackknife.

Crack!

A shot rang out, and Puddy fell limp to the ground, stung to the quick. Old Bob Stewart had turned loose a load of quail shot and Puddy got it in the air. All that was heard from him was:

"Ooh!"

But he explained afterward that he did most of his work standing up, and Bob Stewart felt much relieved.

They never did see the goat afterward.

CHAPTER IV.

BAGGING THE GAME—NIT.

The end of the marsh was reached, and there was a house there for a blind. The game was in sight. Stretched before the astonished gaze of the astonished hunters was what appeared to be a black pool. It wasn't a pool at all; it was a white pond

covered with ducks. There they lay, as Jack Gunn had predicted, myriads of them—millions of them.

"It's a shame to take the money," said Tommy Kendall, softly.

All the hunters were armed with whistles, and quick, quick signals, which made sounds like ducks.

"Where, where," blew Tommy Kendall.

Billy Douglass blew on his machine, and the result was a cross between a noise like a duck and the bee law of a burr on a cold winter's night.

The next moment there was a sound like the whirring of a million air machines. Then there arose a storm of quacks which would have put to the blush a convention of medecines in any country.

The birds were on the wing. Bang, bang, bang-bang-bang, b-r-r-bang!

It was a fearful explosion, loud enough to have slain a thousand ducks. There were dreams of duck dinners at dear old Tonopah, but not a duck dropped before the astonished gaze of the shotsmen.

"Wait a minute, they'll fall," cried Puddy Grimes. "I know I hit two."

"By golly, I hit a dozen," said Bob Stewart.

"No, no, no, no," came from Billy Douglass.

"I think they're so thick they can't fall," quoth Colonel Sawyer. "They're just jammed together."

What Ross Condon, Ed Malley, Cal Shaw and the others said would not look good in print, so we will pass that up.

Meanwhile the ducks were soaring through the sky.

"What was that fearful noise, mother?" queried a young duckling of her aged parents, as they soared along.

"A lot of damn fools," returned the dam, "who think that they know how to use guns. That little fat fellow down there looking into his gun barrel is what they call a decoy. His other name is Puddy."

And they kept on flying.

WARNING!

Don't say ducks to Bill Douglass, Bob Stewart, Tom Risch, Tom Kendall, Ross Condon, Charley Sawyer, Cal Shaw, Ed Malley or Puddy Grimes.

THE DREAMER.

What I have seen is mine. I close my eyes;

Lo, how the glory of the sun-gilt west,

And virgin peaks that take their silent rest;

And now on burdened bays the towers arise

That gleam in story under older skies,

I follow—follow where the keels have pressed

The fresh new shores of the uncharted quest;

North, fervent south, and east my red sail flies.

What if my hands be empty of estate?

What if I live in Fortune's chill despite,

And if this room be bare and desolate?

My heritage is rich on every breeze.

My ships fare out along the starry night,

And I have shadowy fleets on all the seas.

—Thomas Wood Stevens, in Metropolitan Magazine.

BIG MONEY FOR A BIG ENGINEER

SNUG FORTUNE ROLLS IN TO JOHN HAYES HAMMOND EACH YEAR.

In a sketch of John Hayes Hammond, the Technical World Magazine for October says, in part: Though personally one of the quietest of men, Mr. Hammond occupies a position as a mining engineer probably second to no other man in this country, if he is to be judged by his responsibilities and the salary he draws. As consulting engineer of the vast interests of the Guggenheim Exploration Company, Mr. Hammond is said to receive \$500,000 a year. Mr. Hammond is a native of California and was at one time consulting engineer of the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific railways. He is a graduate of the Yale Scientific School and of the Royal School of Mines in Saxony. He was sent by the Geological Survey to examine the gold fields of California and his interest became so intense that he made the study of mines and mining property his life work.

The tremendously rich Bernato brothers of London sent Mr. Hammond to report on their mines in South Africa. It was while there he became associated with Dr. Jamieson and mixed up in the movements that led to the Jamieson raid. He was one of the men sentenced to be hanged for his activities in Transvaal reforms, and only escaped by paying \$125,000 for his freedom. He returned to London and was sent to Mexico by one of the largest English syndicates to investigate the ore fields. The Guggenheim Exploration Company then snapped him up and made him general manager of probably the largest mining concern in the world. Mr. Hammond is married to the daughter of Judge J. W. M. Harris of Mississippi, and has four sons. He is special lecturer attached to the faculties of several of the leading American universities and is a member of many of the large engineering clubs and societies in this country. Mr. Hammond has offices in New York, London and Denver.

NOTICE.

FOR THE PURPOSE OF RECEIVING SIGNATURES TO AGREEMENT WITH ITS DEPOSITORS, THE NYE AND ORMSBY COUNTY BANK WILL BE OPEN DAILY FROM 9 A. M. TO 5 P. M., AND FROM 7 P. M. TO 9 P. M. ALL DEPOSITORS ARE REQUESTED TO CALL AT ONCE, IN ORDER TO FACILITATE THE EARLY OPENING OF THE BANK.

A. G. RAYCRAFT, CASHIER.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE—SALE OF REAL ESTATE POSTPONED.

In the District Court of the Fifth Judicial District in and for the County of Nye, State of Nevada.

M. T. Kane, plaintiff, vs. St. Elmo Mining Company, a corporation, Thomas King Muir, John Doe, Richard Roe, James Black and Sarah Green, defendants.

Notice is hereby given that the sale described in the following original notice of sale is postponed to Saturday, November 16th, 1907, at 3 o'clock P. M.

J. J. OWENS, Sheriff.

By VAIL PITTMAN, Deputy Sheriff.

ORDER OF SALE AND DECREE OF FORECLOSURE AND SALE.

Sheriff's Office, County of Nye, State of Nevada.

M. T. Kane vs. St. Elmo Mining Co., a corporation, Thomas King Muir, John Doe, Richard Roe, James Black and Sarah Green.

Under and by virtue of an order of foreclosure and sale issued out of the Fifth Judicial District Court of the County of Nye, of the State of Nevada, on the 12th day of October, A. D. 1907, in the above entitled action, wherein M. T. Kane, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against St. Elmo Mining Company, a corporation, Thomas King Muir, John Doe, Richard Roe, James Black and Sarah Green, defendants, on the 12th day of October, A. D. 1907, for the sum of Sixteen Hundred and Twelve and 100/100 Dollars, in gold coin of the United States, besides interest, costs and counsel fees, which said decree was on the 14th day of October, A. D. 1907, recorded in Judgment Book "B" of said Court, at page 487, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in South Manhattan Mining District, County of Nye, State of Nevada, and bounded and described as follows:

"Cortina," "El Capitan," "Capitol," "Mendocino," and "Contact" lode mining claims, situated in South Manhattan Mining District, County of Nye, State of Nevada.

Public notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 5th day of November, A. D. 1907, at 3 o'clock P. M. of that day, in front of the Court House, door of the County of Nye, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for gold coin of the United States.

J. J. OWENS, Sheriff.

By VAIL PITTMAN, Deputy Sheriff.

Dated at Tonopah this 15th day of October, A. D. 1907.

Daily—11-7-14.

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